



CRYC BULLETIN

Campbell River Yacht Club May 1999 Meetings: 3rd Thursday each month 7:30

NOV 18 AGM

Commodore: Wade Major: Ph 923-5326

Bulletin: Kathy Mooney: Ph 923-7582

& Colleen Kelly Ph 337-8950

COMMODORE'S MESSAGE

The past two years as Commodore has been interesting with the completion and opening of the clubhouse at Pacific Playgrounds. Last winter we did not have as much activity at the club as I would have liked to. This was partly due to the major electrical and water system renovations at Pacific Playgrounds. This year looks to be better and Mike tells me that they are going to put a new roof on the building and we have gotten permission and build a club BBQ. **Anyone going to the clubhouse over the winter should take the gravel road at the 3-way stop and enter the grounds along by the cabins.**

I hope to see most members at the November meeting which is our Annual General Meeting. This is the one opportunity where changes can be made to the constitution.

Thank you for your support over the past two years. I look forward to growth and club activity under the direction of our new commodore.

Wade Major

LADIES LUNCHEON: Dec 6 12:30 at the Willows

PROGRAM

This month is our AGM. Most of the new Executive positions have been filled, so don't be afraid to attend thinking you may get commandeered into something . (Whew!) After this we can enjoy informal discussion and picture/slide viewing with the Elliotts round Vancouver Island, and Hugh Silver's adventure to the Charlottes last summer. The hors d'oeuvres will be provided with club funds, bring your own choice of beverage.

TRIVIA

Is it Dead Reckoning, or Ded (short for deduced) Reckoning? One "authority" says that "Dead Reckoning" is the determination of position by advancing a known position for courses and distances. It is reckoning relative to something stationary or "dead" in the water, and hence applies to courses and speeds through the water. Another "authority" says that by utilizing your knowledge of course and speed, you can deduce your approximate position. This "Ded Reckoning" is used until you can establish a positive fix. Speed and direction are not, in my opinion, things that are "dead" in the water. A fix is based on such things and/or celestial objects.

All of the books that I have for checking it's spelling show it as "dead reckoning". Who is right? Jim Elliott

NEWSLETTER

I'm planning to 'get connected' with the newsletter and send it via e-mail for those who would like to receive it electronically. Please send me your e-adress to crindmac@oberon.ark.com. Colleen Kelly

DOWN MEMORY LANE

Kathleen was a Prairie girl a nurse on a remote posting because it was a romantic posting to Alert Bay. It wasn't chosen because it was a romantic place to be, far from it. It was stark and could be lonely, but Kathleen as she was called, was only interested in one thing. She wanted a trip to England and she was planning on saving her money until she could afford to go but she hadn't counted on fate.

An outgoing young man from Newfoundland asked Kay to go for a boat ride with him one early evening. His name was Ed Spencer and he worked in the administration office of the Alert Bay Hospital.

The boat was nothing glamorous, paddles only, but the trip was memorable- Ed and Kay became lost in a fog, At least that's the story we got. After the fog, the light dawned for Kay. She decided to forego her trip to England and spend the rest of her life with Ed.

We'd have to surmise that after having been lost in the fog on her first date, Kay anticipated that her life would be full of surprises and adventures with this young man.

Kay and Ed married and had three daughters before they left Alert Bay to join Ed's boss, Art Lightfoot, when he moved to take over administration duties in Campbell River. Like the Lightfoots the Spencers Ed, Kay, Anne, Patricia (Trish) and Joan stored all their worldly goods in the hold of a fishing boat and moved to Campbell River.

Kay's family activities filled her days. For example, there were no community swimming pools in town for the children to go to so, Kay and her friend Carola Lightfoot would pack up picnic lunches and clothing and towels for seven children and walk to Rotary Beach for the day so the children could learn to swim. Then camping and hiking were included and the Spencer family kept close to nature for their recreation.

Ed, meanwhile, never forgot his roots, or better said, his ties to the ocean. He went on many sojourns to remote spots with a canoe. Later on, when those of us in the Power Squadron got to know the two of them better, the Spencers owned their beloved Nala.

Nala, their sailboat served them well. They were members of the Campbell River Yacht Club and of the Ripple Rock Power and Sail Squadron. Ed became Commander of the Power Squadron and as many of you will not know, thought we should have some sort of news letter to keep our members informed of Ripple Rock happenings. Thus was born "Ripples from the Rock".

Several years ago Ed was featured on the centerfold of our publication. He got quite a chuckle about that designation. It is fitting then that we give mention to his partner for all those years, Kay, in a publication that he helped start.

Kay didn't keep her involvement strictly with the family. She was a member of St Peters Anglican Church and was a President of the Women's Auxiliary at one time. She was also a Hospital Auxiliary Volunteer and worked in the Thrift Shop. She was an associate in both the CRYC and RRPSS and the Nurses Association here in town. And she made herself available for Bridge and Crib when opportunities arose.

Many of us will remember Kay, Ed and their constant companion Dusty as they sailed into coves and harbours and joined us on outings. Several of us would raft up and the meals and stories we exchanged became memories that we now look back on and treasure.

The long standing joke in the boating community is that a boat is a hole in the water-.etc. Well when you lose a friend there's a hole in your heart. I'm sure that if Kay and Ed were still alive they would advise us to cherish the time we have on the water and the friends we make there. They did.

And, as for Kay, we didn't mention the pain she suffered with knees and hips and replacement operations, because she never mentioned it. Even when she was becoming Campbell River's bionic woman, she always emphasized the recovery she was making not the pain she was suffering We admired her for that.

Kay's life, from that first date when she was lost in the fog, was one of surprises and adventures and she sailed through it with dignity and a feisty sense of humour.

Kay, we salute you and we, miss you

By Mary-Jo Birrell

Reprinted from Power Squadron Newsletter

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